

June 27, 1974

Jack:

This 1927 Milestone was apparently dropped into the Byfield post office, without any postage on it, addressed to "Dummer Academy, South Byfield." No clue as to who it is from. It's fascinating to look through it; the earliest Milestone we have here in the office is 1931, Ted Eames's first year. I don't know whether the archives has copies earlier than that. Obviously, whoever sent it doesn't want to be thanked.

L.

The Milestone



Published by the Senior Class

Dummer Academy

1927

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The Milestone Board

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SOUTH BYFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

June, 1927

Dedication

Because he has been a splendid leader to us
as a coach and as a teacher, because we
admire and love him, this book is affection-
ately dedicated to

Francis Joseph Reagan



MR. FRANCIS JOSEPH REAGAN





CHARLES SAMUEL INGHAM, Headmaster

B. A., Yale, 1891
Ph. D., Yale, 1896

T H E M I L E S T O N E

APPRECIATION

MR. ELMER J. BUDGELL

MR. JOHN CALDERWOOD

MR. PHILLIP B. SKERRYE

MR. FLOYD E. JARVIS

FACULTY



HAMILTON



MR. WALTER JOHN FARRELL
Assistant to the Headmaster
A. B. Boston University, 1904
Mathematics
Freshman Latin
Athletic Director
Faculty Adviser for the Archon

T H E M I L E S T O N E

STEPHEN WEBBER

Harvard, 1921
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
Mathematics
Science
Mechanical Drawing
Coach of Tennis



PHILLIP BALDWIN SKERRYE

Harvard, 1920
History
Junior Latin
Coach of Golf
Faculty Adviser for the Milestone

T H E M I L E S T O N E



FLOYD EAST JARVIS

A. B., University of Michigan, 1916
Harvard Graduate School
English



PAUL WILLIAM LEHMAN

Clark College, 1923
Junior School Instructor
Director of the Dramatic Club

T H E M I L E S T O N E

GILBERT MARION SMITH

B. A., St. Stephens, 1925

French

Latin

Varsity Football



HAROLD ALBERT GLEASON

B. Sc., Massachusetts Agricultural
College, 1925

Mathematics

Instructor of Gym Class

Coach of Junior Baseball

T H E M I L E S T O N E



SENIORS



ROTHMAN

FRANK LEE MCKINNEY

Manchester, N. H.

"O, what men dare do! what men may do! what men daily do, not knowing what they do."



General Course
Entered School in '23
Preparing for Packard Engineering School.
President of the Class of 1927, '24, '25, '26, '27
Student Council '25, '26, '27
Secretary '26
Chairman '27
Assistant Manager of the "Archon" '25
Manager '26, '27
Business Manager of the "Milestone" '27
Sophomore Dramatic Committee '25
Sophomore Prom Committee '25
Junior Prom Committee '26
Senior Prom Committee '27
Mid-Winter Prom Committee '27
Captain Junior Football '25
Football Squad '26
Junior Basketball '24
Track Team '26
Captain Elect '27
Manager of Baseball '24
Golf Squad '27
Smoking Club '27

"Izzy," "Mac"

Here we have the mechanic of the class. What "Mac" doesn't know about the automobile industry and why a Ford won't go, nobody knows or cares. "Mac" once left his car outside a theatre when the temperature was four below. When he came out, he was quite surprised to find out that the car refused to go in response to all manner of coaxing. After taking out the carburetor and other sundry parts he finally deduced that the engine was frozen. In fact, he was sure of it, and subsequent investigation proved he was right.

"Izzy" always feels exuberant when out with the boys. When the gang went to see "Sunny", he amused himself by breaking the furniture in the Riviera. No doubt, the bright light district had something to do with all this.

He had some tough breaks in the athletic line that drove him to the Smoking Club in deep despair. He was all set to captain the track team this winter, when track was dropped from the mid-term curriculum. The year before, he was one of Dummer's best sprinters and relay men.

However, his good work on the Office Force has been one of the hopes and joys of Mr. Reagan after the ravages of the Four Horsemen.

"Hey! Look out what you're doing with that test tube!"



EDMUND FOSTER WOODWARD

Portland, Maine

*"Why, then the world's mine
oyster, which I with sword will
open."*

Scientific Course

Preparing for the University of
Pennsylvania

Entered School in '25

Vice President of the Class of 1927,
'27

Student Council '26, '27

Secretary '27

Senior Dance Committee '27

Football '26

Basketball '27

Golf Squad '26

Tennis Squad '27

Smoking Club '26, '27

"Eddie"

It seems there were two men from Portland, Maine. One of them is "Eddie" Woodward, and the other is "Soot" Sawyer. These two have co-ordinated perfectly as room mates for two years. They have shared each other's women, clothes, cigarettes, and bad language with perfect harmony. Even in the Commons.

"Eddie's" chief charm (from the feminine point of view) is his blonde marcel. Whether it is his chief pride or not, we don't know, but it is always in the best of condition. "Eddie" is not a vain man, and we won't suspect him of a curling iron or Stacomb, but it is queer how well his hair always looks—especially when there are women good to look upon in the vicinity.

"Eddie" has distinguished himself as a man of no mean athletic odor. As a center on the football team and on the basketball team, he has been along with the boys all the time. And the way he plays "pro" tennis—oh my! How the femmes love to watch him.

"Eddie" would make a good lead off man on the "Spec" team if there were such.

Both the Portland men follow the experienced smoker rather than trying to find out what a whale of a difference just a few cents make. We've never seen "Eddie" in Portland, but he carries himself expertly at all the dances. They all fall, but he sticks faithfully to that certain party in the old home town.

"Watch me get a rec' from this one!"



RUSSEL DIKE HAMILTON

Montclair, N. J.

"A man who could make so vile a pun would not scruple to pick a pocket."

Preparing for Yale
Entered School in 1922
Scientific Course
Secretary of the Class of 1927, '27
Art Editor of the Milestone '27
Associate Editor of the Archon '27
Dramatic Club '26, '27
Vice President '27
Orchestra '26, '27
Chairman of the Sophomore Dramatic Committee '25
Moody Kent Prize in English '24
1st Prize Ambrose Prize Speaking Contest '25
1st Prize Milestone Short Story Contest '26
2nd Prize Milestone Short Story Contest '25
Manager of Basketball '26
Junior Football '22, '23
Junior Baseball '23
Tennis Squad '27

"Ham"

"I ain't seen it". Sometimes we wonder whether he has or not, but when he starts his calcium carbonate we realize that whether he has or not there is something in his eye that tells us he'll be a success.

"Ham" is one of the royal tooters of the orchestra. Not only does he play the sax, but he is already to fill in on the piano at any time.

His art work, as can be seen through this book, is beyond reproach so we will let it speak for itself. Another of "Ham's" "indoor sports" is his ability as a writer. Not only the *Archon* but also the *Milestone* and the *Newburyport News* would feel his absence were he to withdraw from their service.

He has one weakness though. He always claimed that no girl could steal his heart, but a certain brunette at West Bridgewater has kept him from eating for sometime.

We feel, however, that, if he only finds that "spo't model", when he reaches Yale he will win that success which he well deserves and which he is capable of achieving.

"Hello, sah."



JOHN DIMOCK CALDERWOOD

Brookline, Mass.

"O heaven! were men but constant, he were perfect."

Preparing for the University of Pennsylvania

Entered School in 1925

Scientific Course

Treasurer of the Class of 1927, '27

Student Council, '27

Orchestra '26, '27

Junior Prom Committee '26

Football '25, '26

Baseball '26 '27

Captain '27

Hockey '26

Track Squad '26

Smoking Club '26, '27

"Jack"

"Jack" came to us two years ago with a base drum in the back seat of his flivver and slickum on his hair. "Jack-at-the-Drums" is in most of Dummer's mem-books, and as a drummer, "Jack" is certainly second to none. That's why he's so speedy; he beats time. The fact that the ladies flock around when he enters testifies to his looks and sheiking ability. The score card on the exterior of his stationery box has grown in magnitude exceeding any other, in school. Besides being on the school orchestra "Jack" procures orchestras of excellence for Dummer's proms.

We all wonder how "Jack" gets all these week-ends. He claims a broken arm or something else just as trifling. Anyway, he comes back with reports on what a time that arm had.

"Jack" is also one of these athletic butt-fiends. He has been Dummer's star right end for two football seasons, high jump man on the track team, and Varsity first baseman. His Smoking Club attendance is very regular, and his Spec prowess is by no means small. He studies under the illusion that the University of Pennsylvania needs bigger and better men from Dummer.

"Let me see, who do I write tonight?"



WALTER JAMES BUDGELL, 2ND

Salem, Mass.

*"The gentle mind by gentle deeds
is known."*

Classical Course
Entered School in '23
Preparing for Harvard
Harvard Club Prize '26
Dramatic Club '26, '27
President '26
Treasurer '27
Sophomore Dramatic Committee '25
Gym Class '25, '26, '27
Junior Football '24
Manager Junior Baseball '24

"Budge"

Ever since "Budge" landed in school back in the pre-Dramatic Club days, he has been the school's theatrical directory. His cinema knowledge is prodigious due to intensive study of movie magazines and the like. James staggers home every week from Newburyport with a load of periodicals pertaining to the silver screen that weighs as much as one Saturday Evening Post sometimes. However, he keeps the boys well informed on the best at the Strand and the Premier auditoriums.

"Budge played football on the Junior Team for two years, and then he took up golf, as the feller says. He is one of John Edwards' most ardent and loyal disciples.

So far, he has "dragged" a girl to every dance we can remember. We have often wondered where he gets the women he brings up, for he always supplies some aspiring shieks with very charming shebas. It was rather a shock to us when we returned one fall and found that James had succumbed to the insidious weed, for we think smoking really harmful to the young. But we quite suspect he enjoys it as much as we do.

"The critics didn't like it, and I was disappointed in it myself."



THOMAS ASTLEY FEARNSIDE

Wellesley, Mass.

"Wedding is destiny, and hanging likewise."

Scientific Course

Entered School in '24

Preparing for M. I. T.

2nd Prize Ambrose Prize Speaking Contest '26

Senior Prom Committee '27

Hockey '26 '27

Golf '26, '27

Junior Football '25, '26

Junior Basketball '25

"Tam"

The boy with that school girl complexion. We don't know whether Palmolive is used to preserve it; but there it stands, a monument to his manly beauty and physical perfection. Throughout his career as a pugilist, his rugged complexion has stood the gaff, although his eye did not come out unscathed in the bout with the late Mr. Albani.

"Tam" comes from Wellesley, and he has no use for the femmes. There was once a rumor that there was a certain dear someone waiting in Wellesley; but with a few quiet and well chosen words, "Tam" drove fear into the hearts of those who were whispering. "Tam" has not yet left the woman-hater gallery at the proms.

He has been a hockey player of promise since his advent into our ranks. He has also adorned the golf team and has been number two man on it for two years. Someone taught him Spec last fall, and "Tam" has been an ardent advocate of the game since. And woe to the man who tries to put one over on him.

Thomas is really sinfully neat in all his work. The beauty of his written papers is the wonder of the whole school, and the ease with which he acquires A's and B's on his report is a strong argument against the D. S. C., that haven for Lady Nicotine.

"Say, what are you doing with that ace on the bottom?"



WARREN SPENCER LANE
West Newton, Mass.

*"From the crown of his head to
the sole of his foot, he is all mirth."*

Classical Course
Entered School in '25
Preparing for Bowdoin
Dramatic Club '26, '27
Orchestra '26, '27
Football '26
Hockey Squad '26
Baseball Squad '26
Student Council '27
Circulation Manager of the "Milestone"
Secretary of Dramatic Club '27
Smoking Club '27

Warren

The most cheerful and noisest youth Dummer has seen for some time. Indeed, one will have to look high and wide to find one as cheerful as Warren. But it was Warren's fond belief that he plays the saxophone. So he does—no worse than anyone else in school. Warren has the form for a really hot player, but the sounds are sometimes rather misgiving. Nevertheless, he has held a position on the orchestra during his two years at Dummer, although it was quite hard on the members of Perkins Hall during the time he roomed over there.

Warren also has a very complete and terrifying laugh which he exhibits on choice occasions. It starts out with Warren's imitating a cocktail shaker on a laughing jag, then rises to hyena-like proportions, and finally fades away into shrill screams. It is truly a marvellous creation, and Warren takes good care of it.

He also takes good care of his relations with a girl in Winchester, and he "drags" her to all the dances he can.

Warren has been out for football both years he has been here, and last season he was a very good tackle. He is a loyal Smoking Club devotee, plays "Spec" to perfection, and is cheerful almost beyond the imagination. But that sax—. It, too, is almost beyond imagination.

"Well, we went pretty hot today."



LEONARD STUART LAWSON

Brookline, Mass.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

Classical Course

Entered School in '24

Preparing for Williams

Dramatic Club '26

Football Manager '25

Track Manager '26

Associate Editor of the "Milestone"
'27

Golf Squad '26, '27

"Len"

The answer to a maiden's prayer. This boy has long been trying with more or less success to cut out all the old time shieks in Newburyport during his three year sojourn at Dummer. Feminine hearts are, he tells us, supposed to yearn and sigh as he comes into sight. But whether the feminine reaction to his manly countenance is as above or not, it stands to reason that "Len" not infrequently takes a tumble to himself. He has a terrible time deciding who to bring to the dances, but his affiliation to a little brunette from Salem has been quite lasting, in spite of all Newburyport interference.

"Len" is one of Dummer's athletes. He has distinguished himself as the manager of several teams and as a peerless gymnast. His technique in skipping the gym class has always been envied and imitated. But "Len" is in a class by himself when it comes to managing teams.

"Len" has also a studious bent when he isn't in love. The women, however, have a way of distracting him once in a while. "Len's" chief pride and joy is his Victrola. Won in a raffle, it has withstood the onslaught of Dummer's hordes for almost three years with the cost of only two broken springs. There is the important question of whether it will last him through college, and this is indeed a grave one.

"What? No mail for me? Are you sure of it?"



ALFRED FERDINAND PADULA

Fitchburg, Mass.

*"I have an exposition of sleep
come upon me."*

General Course
Entered School in '25
Preparing for Boston University
Senior Dance Committee '27
Football '26
Basketball '27
Golf Squad '26, '27
Smoking Club '27

"Billy Spinoso"

"What God hath wrought let no man put asunder," quoth the sage. There certainly must have been some divine force in connection with the creation of "Spinoso" and his bed. When they get together, it takes a good man indeed to part them, and it requires the utmost tact and diplomacy in so doing. The seven-ten bell is the best bet when it comes to rousing "Billy", but sometimes this persistent caller fails to land him in the dining room on time. However, the aforesaid bell certainly isn't human; ask any member of Commons. They all believe it to be an instrument of the devil.

"Spinos" is anchor man on the office force, and his work as one of the Four Horsemen is one of the high lights of the Stenography class. He has been also a fine guard on both the football and basketball teams. In one of the basketball games, "Spinoso" reverted to the football type, plowed through the opposing forwards, and split the net from the middle of the floor. This almost prostrated the right honorable Dean Phillip B. Skerrye, who has never been the same since.

"Spinos" hails from Fitchburg, where men are truck drivers and the hills are terrible. He is a Spec-player par excellence, and the D. S. C. has no more ardent supporter.

"Aw, why is there always a class meeting just when I want to go over to the club?"



NORTON WRIGHT PICKERING

Danvers, Mass.

"His noble negligences teach what others' took despair to reach."

Classical Course

Entered School in '25

Preparing for Bowdoin

Editor-in-chief of the "Milestone"
'27

Dramatic Club '26, '27

Junior Prom Committee '26

Football '25

Junior Football Coach '26

Basketball Squad '26

Tennis Squad '27

Smoking Club '27

"Nort"

The boy with an electric stove. "Nort" ran quite a restaurant in the Commons for a while. His sign, if he had one might read, "Nothing served before lights out." We all used to visit him when hungry, until his playful habit of blowing out fuses put the powers that be on to Mr. Pickering's little plan of sustaining the starved until the next meal.

"Nort" came back from spring vacation with his head way up in a cloud. It seems he met someone (feminine) who was quite pleasing to the eye. He tries to write faithfully, and the boys do their best to keep him out of the blues when she's a day late in answering; but it looks like a case of thinner atmosphere for "Nort" for some time to come.

"Nort" hurt his ankle in the early days of the football season; and although it put him off the big team, it couldn't prevent him from playing with the little boys. He took the Junior team, which was badly in need of a coach, and made it what it was last fall. We hope he was satisfied; the results were certainly gratifying.

"Nort" is another D. S. C. Spec expert, and butt fiend with his choice resting on Lucky Strikes. Another good man gone wrong say the other members of that troublesome institution.

"I've got to crash one tonight."



HENRY BOURNE PILLSBURY

Manchester, N. H.

*"Here will be an old abusing of
God's patience and the King's Eng-
lish."*

Scientific Course
Entered School in '25
Preparing for Yale
Dramatic Club '27
Football Squad '25
Basketball '26, '27
Captain '27
Baseball '26, '27
Golf Squad '26
Smoking Club '27

"Pil"

H. Bourne, the class ladies man. "Pil" knocks them all dead when he gets on the dance floor. For the way he trips the light fantastic is his supreme creation in the two years he has been here. The way he saves shoe leather on the dance floor is really amazing. "Slow but sweet," says he, and he surely ought to know.

"Pil" also drives a Cadillac one-handed remarkably well, too.

However slow and stationary he may be when a dance is in progress, "Pil" can certainly show what speed and fight are when the gym performs its regular function as a basketball court. Dummer has had no better captain and guard than "Pil" for a long time. This year under his leadership the team had its best season in four years. "Pil" is also convinced that he can put over the old "big league" stuff better than any of them.

His cheerfulness is a byword; it is rare indeed when one finds him downhearted. He is a loyal member of the Smoking Club, but he stoops to Lucky Strikes when the majority of that hardened institution are strong for Fatimas.

"Say, Ham, you ain't seen it?"



LAWRENCE WHITE SAWYER

Portland, Maine

"My heart is true as steel."

General Course

Entered School in '24

Preparing for Boston University

Chairman Senior Dance Committee
'27

Football '25, '26

Captain '26

Hockey '26, '27

Track Squad '25, '26

Tennis Team '26, '27

Baseball '25

Smoking Club '26, '27

"Soot"

A man of deeds, not words. "Soot" sticks to the maxim that silence is golden; but when he does speak, his words are of the highest grade silver.

Nevertheless, he made himself heard with marvellous success one night. This silent man from Portland has a pet aversion. It is an extreme dislike for mice, rats, and other night roaming rodents. Awakened one night by an astonishing scratching at his door, he raised himself and his voice to their highest possible position and heaved shoes into the darkness. Those in the next room might have been able to account for the noise, but not before "Soot" used up his vocabulary and ammunition. We think it was cruel to leave a poor little mouse out in the cold that way.

We all bow to "Soot's" prowess as a football player. As a halfback, he is second to none; and he is the terror of the opposition as any linesman that has tried to stop him will testify. He captained the team successfully last season and was one of the high lights of the backfield the year before last. "Soot's" work as a goal guard on the hockey squad was excellent this winter, and he is one of the tennis squad's best players. His "Spec" ability has not been neglected either.

But he has one fault; he would smoke Camels.

"Got anything to eat, Nort?"

CLASS HISTORY

THE graduating class got off to a good start on its scintillating career early in its Freshman year by having the best attended and regulated meetings of any class then in school. Regular dues were imposed on the members that year, and this practice has been kept up during our years at Dummer; so that the treasury has never lacked for funds.

In our Sophomore year we started taking the lead in social events around school. The regular meetings were continued, and it was made a duty of the secretary to record these meetings; so that now we have the only record of its kind in school. Theatre parties were projected throughout the winter term and became quite popular and well attended. The Sophomore Minstrel was the only dramatic attempt of importance in the year 1924 to 1925, and the class topped its good work by putting on the Sophomore Hop, the greatest dance that Dummer has seen in years.

Theatre parties were continued throughout our Junior year, and our Junior Prom will long be remembered as one of the best of recent dances. As Seniors we have endeavored to put out a Milestone that will be second to none, and to stage a Senior Prom that will not have to be supported by the faculty as it has in previous years.

All through the last four years, our men have been leading in all branches of school activities. Our ranks have claimed four major team captains; and the Honor Roll, Student Council, Dramatic Club, Orchestra, and Archon Board have claimed a good proportion of our representatives.

R. D. H. '27





JUNIOR PROM COMMITTEE, 1926

SOPHOMORE MINSTREL, 1925

SOPHOMORE DANCE, 1925

CLASS PROPHECY

I N the year 1936, I passed out quite suddenly one night. It really makes no difference just how my demise was accomplished, but for the fact that a certain express train was heavier than my car, I should still be enjoying life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. I had no trouble in finding my destined place in the hereafter; a certain saint had it all arranged for me. However, after a year or so of spiritual existence, I had a desire to return to the earth and see what was to be seen since my exit. Therefore, with permission, I returned to the terrestrial globe in spirit form so that I could observe people without being seen myself. The situation was novel, to say the least, and I made the most of it.

My tour of the world began at New York. Once I arrived there, my mind returned to my old Dummer classmates; and I promised myself to be on the lookout for them. Walking up Broadway one afternoon, I was brought to a surprised halt by the sight of the name of H. Bourne Pillsbury in electric letters a foot high above the entrance to a well known theatre. I made it a point to be at the evening performance, and to my great delight there was in the show a second Jack Donahue in the person of "Pil" himself. And what a comedian! I recognized several phrases current at Dummer in 1927, but nobody else did, and Bourne was the hit of the show.

Wandering around after the performance, I accidentally hit a night club, and remained there when I saw that the drummer in the orchestra was none other than "Jack" Calderwood. "Jack" was also leader and owner of the combination besides being still at the drums.

New York and its glammers did not hold me long, for I was anxious to see other fellows who had graduated with me back in 1927. The Metropolitan Art Museum, however, took up the day before I left. Here I received a shock that was almost too much for me. Coming down one of the corridors was a woman of large proportions surrounded by numerous progeny. In their wake, staggering under the weight of several packages that smelled of food, was T. Astely Fearnside. Very little remained of the old "Tam" excepting his complexion and even that was slightly faded. The female spoke and "Tam" with an effort obeyed his master's voice. He didn't get any chance to say anything himself.

I went to Boston by way of Fitchburg for no other reason than to see something of the 1927 alumnus who swears allegiance to that metropolis.

Fitchburg's leading newspaper had sprawled across its front page this legend: EMINENT PHYSICIAN RETURNS TO HOME TOWN TO LIVE. I rushed for a copy and continued to read as follows: Dr. Alfred Padula, originator of the famous Padula Cure for Insomnia, is to return to this city where he to reside indefinitely. I read no further but followed the crowd to the railroad station in time to see "Billy Spinosa" step off the train amid the cheers of the crowd. He went immediately to a big open car where he removed his hat and expressed in a few simple and well chosen words his pleasure on being in dear old Fitchburg again. I last saw him doffing his hat to right and left as his auto made its way through the press.

Vastly amused, I arrived in Boston and vicinity. In Salem I saw alumnus Norton Pickering piloting a heavy coal truck thru Salem square. An officer held up his hand to halt him, but "Nort's" brakes refused to work, and the guardian of the law was forced to remove himself from his post to escape eradication. There ensued a language duel wherein "Nort" held his own with a skill that comes through long practice. I left for Boston, marvelling at the turn of events.

I went to the theatre again in the evening, and after a good show I made my exit by way of the stage door. Several pretty chorus girls preceeded me and were taken in hand at the door by a person who at first gave me considerable trouble in recognizing him. But my suspicion was confirmed when one of the charming ladies exclaimed, "Oh, Len, dear! Aren't you the darling." A taxi bore Mr. Leonard Lawson and his playthings away.

Eventually, I landed in Paris, that most magnetic of cities, and lost myself in its wonderful diversions. One afternoon on the Rue de la Paix, I noticed a sign "M. Woodward, Artiste en Cheveux." I went in and was rewarded by seeing "Eddie" Woodward himself combing a marvelous wave into the blonde shingle of a most enchanting young lady. "Eddie" seemed to take more interest in his customer than his work; but his skillful fingers, trained before Dummer's mirrors, did their task mechanically. I hoped to see the other fifty percent of the Woodward and Sawyer combination before leaving Paris, but "Soot's" face was nowhere to be seen, and I left for other parts of the globe.

The next old classmate of mine I saw in India and under rather peculiar conditions. India proved to be a land of enchantment; there were snake charmers everywhere. They frequented street corners and played wierd music on short pipes that would fascinate the reptiles. On one corner there was a fellow that had departed from custom and was playing a saxo-

phone instead. But business seemed rather slack with him for there were no snakes within hearing distance of the sax. As I approached him I saw that it was Warren Lane still trying to get someone to listen to his old horn. Warren still played the Dummer variety, violent jazz with an occasional "hot" break. Even as I watched, a white-helmeted policeman rounded the corner, and soon Warren was on his way to the cooler for breaking the peace.

Back in America again on the west coast, I stopped a while at Los Angeles. In a motion picture studio one afternoon, I watched a man listen carefully to the pleadings of a fussy director, and then repeat in action what he had been shown. But the director was hard to please, and a certain awkwardness about the movements of the actor aroused suspicion as to whom this movie actor might be. A closer view confirmed my suspicion. It was "Budge", himself, doing his best to make love to a fascinating lady of the silver screen. I left the studio, greatly amused.

I walked through one of Los Angeles' beautiful parks. At a turn in one of the boulevards that winds through this park, there was an overturned automobile. A considerable crowd had gathered around the accident, and the owner of the auto was seated astride the differential gear deploring his loss. Suddenly there was a rumpus on the outskirts of the gathering, and in a minute "Soot" Sawyer appeared, earnestly soliciting accident insurance. The crowd dispersed with rapidity, much to the satisfaction of the car owner who looked upon "Soot" like a long lost brother. He even fell upon "Soot's" neck with joy when my fellow alumnus tried to interest him in a quart of Scotch. "Soot" appeared very prosperous.

I took a train east to test the novelty of man made motion, and I was quite rewarded by a singular experience *en route*. The train was held up at a desert water tower. The thieves had plotted cleverly, and the train crew was completely surprised and overcome. But the outlaws' plot was doomed to failure, for over the hills came Sheriff "Izzy" McKinney of Chaparral County plus a posse. With two revolvers spitting fire from his hands, "Izzy" beat off the thugs; and he remained to reassure the passengers while the posse set out in hot pursuit of the robbers. "Izzy" took special interest in reassuring and comforting every pretty girl on the train.

I arrived at New York after a very interesting and amusing world tour. I am still waiting for my classmates to join me in the great hereafter.

R. D. H. '27



THE SENIORS DROP THEIR DIGNITY

JUNIORS



KARL JOHN EDWARD GOVE, President

T H E M I L E S T O N E



OFFICERS

Karl John Edward Gove.....	President
Richard Chapin Griggs.....	Vice-President
Edward Garfield Hart.....	Secretary

JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

Bottger, William Carl
 Brown, Lawrence Cushing
 English, John Philip
 Fitzsimmons, Robert Lafond
 Fuller, Charles Arthur
 Gove, Karl John Edward
 Griggs, Richard Chapin
 Hart, Edward Garfield
 Hyams, David Nunes Carvalho

Ladds, Edward George Gordon
 Martinez, Ramon
 Moore, Derby
 Moulton, Richard Hammond
 Palmer, Lawrence Richardson
 Palmer, Stephen
 Poor, Joseph Franklin
 Temple, Edgar Allen
 Temple, Walter Paul, Jr.

SOPHS



ROY WILLIAM LOVETT, President

T H E M I L E S T O N E



OFFICERS

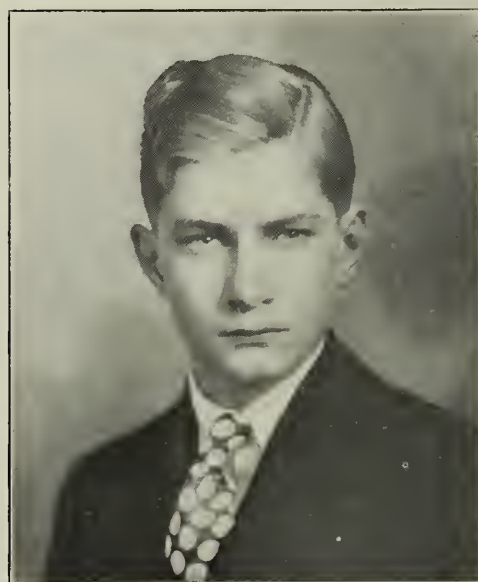
Roy William Lovett.....President
 Conway Schultz.....Vice-President
 Foster Linwood Brown.....Secretary

SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL

Bell, Kenneth Cleveland
 Best, George Edgar
 Brown, Foster Linwood
 Cate, Henry Francis, Jr.
 Chandler, John Parker Hale, Jr.
 Chater, Charles Hartwell
 Cox, Mann Ulric
 Cutler, Granville Keith
 Emery, Arthur Benard

Hill, Henry Mitchell
 Lovett, Roy William
 Miller, Richard
 Ortega, Pablo Llata
 Page, Roger William
 Schultz, Conway
 Steinharter, Lawrence Charles
 Walker, Thomas Simpson
 Wilson, Robert Wright

FRESHMEN



EDWARD FREDERICK ROBINSON, President

WAMLEY

T H E M I L E S T O N E



OFFICERS

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Malcolm Swain Walker.....	Vice-President
Frank Forrest Morrill.....	Secretary

FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

Brown, Marshall Allen
 Capron, John
 Fernandez, Carlos
 Hale, Robert Appleton
 Hosmer, Richard
 Learned, John Palmer
 McKenzie, Stuart Arnold

Morrill, Frank Forrest
 Ray, Weldon Marshall
 Robinson, Edward Frederick
 Rogers, Mark Henry
 Tate, James Doudge
 Wagner, Richard Daniel
 Walker, Malcolm Swain

JUNIOR SCHOOL



TALBOT SMITH, President

T H E M I L E S T O N E



OFFICERS

Talbot Smith.....	President
Jesse Robert Haag.....	Vice-President
Owen Grant, Jr.....	Secretary

JUNIOR SCHOOL ROLL

Chase, Charles Stuart
 Craig, Donald
 Craig, Ralph
 Davis, William Russell
 Grant, Owen, Jr.

Gil Spear, Adrian
 Guild, Eastham
 Haag, Jesse Robert
 Kleeb, Cecil Garner
 Smith, Talbot
 Whitehead, Walter, Jr.

T H E M I L E S T O N E

SPECIAL STUDENTS

Cox, Elvin Hathaway

Sleeper, Ralph Emerton

Webb, William Kenneth

HONOR ROLL

UPPER SCHOOL

Capron, John
English, John P.
Fearnside, Thomas A.
Griggs, Richard C.
Hamilton, Russel D.
Ladds, Edward G. G.
Lawson, Leonard S.
Learned, John P.

Martinez, Ramon
McKenzie, Stuart A.
McKinney, Frank L.
Ortega, Pablo L.
Padula, Alfred F.
Pickering, Norton W.
Ray, Weldon N.
Wagner, Richard D.
Walker, Malcolm S.

LOWER SCHOOL

Grant, Owen, Jr.

Hagg, Jesse R.



LITERATURE



HAMILTON

The Milestone Short Story Contest

won by

Edward George Gordon Ladds, Newburyport, '28

THE CAPTAIN'S WELL

IN a secluded spot on a New England stage road, there used to be an old Inn. This was called the Captain's Inn, having taken the name from the famous well. An ancient elm spread its broad branches above the Inn and the well, protecting them from all the elements, and shaded the picturesque spot in the warm seasons with such a coolness that it was ever a memory among travelers. At the foot of this tree a ship cabin, rigged out with all its original sea trappings, served both as an ornament and as a protection to the old men assembled there in bad weather. Clematis, siphon, and honeysuckle covered the well-house and clung to the branches of the old elm tree, filling the air with fragrance pleasing to the senses just as the answering echo of a lingering chord. The well-house was built of oak, salvaged from the wreck of the *Morning Light*, a four master. A Gorgon figure-head from the prow of a Chinese junk plundered in the Gulf of Pechili by Tripolitan pirates adorned the peak of the hip roof; and it was such a grotesque figure that many a sane villager looked twice before drinking. Four iron capstans at each corner of the roof were tightly encircled by a cable in imitation of a fore-castle rail. Within the well-house an oaken windlass, formerly a part of the brig *Edith B. Symington*, rested on a stone foundation. A heavy bucket attached to a small ship's cable hung from this windlass.

The afternoon of July 14, 187- was a very busy day at the Captain's Inn. Groups of travelers sat on long benches within the Inn, and their laughter and merriment broke at intervals upon the still afternoon. These travelers had arrived the day before. Elisha Emery, the innkeeper, in order to raise the ordinary standard of hospitality had promised these travelers that he would present to them in the person of Silvertone Halligone, an old sea-captain, as fine a story teller as any of them had ever heard, if not finer. This caused a great deal of anxiety and expectation

among the travelers. Men went occasionally to the door and windows to see if they could not get a glimpse of Silvertone.

The loud creaking of the windlass in the Captain's well was a common occurrence, but the travelers were soon aware of someone singing a merry sea chanty which floated peacefully on the still afternoon air; Silvertone was raising the bucket from the well and singing at the same time:

"Storm along and round she'll go,
To me way, aye, storm along John!
Storm along through frost and snow,
Come along, get along, storm along John!"

When the travelers caught sight of Silvertone, he had taken his seat beneath the old elm and was waiting for all the travelers to be present before he began his story.

"Everyone is here, Silvertone," said the innkeeper, gazing at the guests seated in a circle before Silvertone. The old captain rested one hand on his hickory cane, gazed with small gray eyes upon his audience and began his story.

"John Ballingvale was a roly-poly youth who looked on the world as he found it, sometimes bitter, sometimes sweet, but always full of hard and everlasting drudgery. His sire knew several trades, much to the disgust of John—shoemaking, boat-making, coopering, and masonry. These trades had their special season, so that John was never idle. The fields and forests fascinated him; but his sire's harsh treatment—all work and no play—did not give John any time to explore the wonderland of Nature. When night time came, the poor youth's bones and body were so weary that he went to bed at the same time as the birds. He arose at dawn, and after a slender meal he would go to his father's workshop.

Every morning John worked at whatever his father set him, until two minutes before school time, when his father with a mouthful of tacks would cackle on the poop deck of some unfinished dory, "Ye lazy varmint, ye can go." And then poor John would race the whole two miles to school, arriving there all out of breath and tired of running.

Thaddeus Dalton, John's schoolmaster, was a genial soul and a blessing to whatever community he was serving. Thaddeus loved his scholars and guided them firmly on the path of righteousness and learning. Thaddeus' entrance into a schoolroom was like the admission of a ray of light

when a shutter is suddenly opened in a dark room. John sincerely loved his schoolmaster. Thaddeus knew why John was tardy; he always placed John's hands in his, kindly patted his shoulder, and bid John a cheerful greeting, "Bless ye, little man."

One day at the close of school, John laid his heart bare to his schoolmaster; he could not stand his father's treatment, and so was going to leave him.

Thaddeus smiled faintly, and gazing down into John's eyes full of tears he said, "John, it is not honorable to leave your father without asking him for your time, which, if he gives it to you, will make you independent; but if he refuses without good cause, then you may go. Bless ye, little man, bless ye."

"I shall never see you again, never," John stammered chokingly through his tears.

"Never mind, dear John, keep me in your thoughts; and you shall know me there," murmured Thaddeus, placing his arm around John; and arm in arm they walked along homeward through the falling twilight for the last time.

That night John asked his father for his time.

"Father!" John replied to a surly command, "I cannot stand your harsh treatment. I do not deserve it! I will not stand it!"

"Son! That dang Dalton has filled your head with nonsense. I will not give you your time! You lazy varmint," shouted Sire Ballingvale half crazed with the thought of losing dollars in the roly-poly form of his son.

John returned that evening to his dingy garret room for the last time. He wept aloud to think how many youths were not half so good as he; and yet their parents aided them in every possible way. And he—Lord, what had he done to deserve such treatment! Nothing! No, nothing! His father was nothing but a reprobate! All these thoughts crowded and flashed through his mind. He buried his head in the bed pillows and fell asleep amid his tears.

When John awoke in darkness, a voice within him spoke continuously, "Go, John, go!" Was it the voice of his mother now dead for eighteen years? He did not know, but the advice sounded good. John stole to his

bureau and packed his belongings in a single bandana handkerchief. He tiptoed down the creaky stairs. His father's door was ajar. John pushed it open, entered the room, and took his mother's picture. He kissed his father. Later, as he stepped out into the cold, foggy night, he realized that this was the last time he would ever see his father who had used him so meanly.

Several hours later as John traveled along in the gray morning mist, he could discern huge masts of ships along the wharves in the distance. He hastened on. Turning a bend in the road, he saw the shipyards along the river with many unfinished hulls still on the ways. Below these yards the road left the river; and as John followed it, he found himself in the busiest part of Water Street where stores displayed choice maritime articles to attract sailors on their way to and from the port. John stopped at every store to see the wonders that he had known only in dreamland. At the sight of a huge wooden glove swinging over a store door, John hastened to see what he might find there beneath it. In the window a placard attracted John's attention, as there stood out in bold unmatchable letters: A CABIN BOY WANTED. SHIP SEA WITCH AT BROWN'S WHARF. SAILS AT NOON. John rushed into the store.

"Where's Brown's wharf! Where's Brown's wharf!" he shouted fervently.

"Fire! Fire!" reechoed a jovial clerk.

"Fire? What's that? Where's that fire?" inquired John running up to the clerk.

"In Hell for sleeping sinners!" ejaculated a red-faced errand boy. "Ho ha, farmer!"

John's face reddened. He rushed up to the saucy loon and at one blow knocked him on the floor. The clerk jumped at John, who made for the door in great haste. He tripped over the foot of an old gentleman who was entering the store and fell on the sidewalk.

"Yo-heave-ho! Clear away your running gear! Avast! Blow the man down! Hi! Ho! Haulee! O!" shouted the gentleman, and seeing John about to run away, he shouted again, "Avast! Avast! Me lad!"

John drew near the gentleman, who seized him by the arm.

"What's this about, me lad? Overhaul! Overhaul! Let your davit-tackles fall!" chuckled the gentleman.

"Sir," snapped John fiercely, "I entered here to answer that sign in the what-do-you-call-it there!"

"Window, me lad! Light o' the steerage," replied the old gentleman angrily.

"I—I am s-sorry s——"

"Ye landlubbers, blast your dead lights! Ye valpants, not a nick of my Spanish eight-piece shall you have for rent o' my sign! Ye scuttling pirates! Lay me on, me lad, I'm hell for a long dart!" shouted Merry Bartlett leaving the store.

Merry put his arms around John; and they went down Water street, turned down Brown's lane, and reached the wharf where the *Sea Witch* lay ready to set sail.

It was exactly noontime.

John gazed in astonishment and wonder at the new brig, the *Sea Witch*. She was indeed a very beautiful brig of 1003 tons register. Her graceful lines were modeled from the brig *Cambridge*, built by Foster and Fillmore of Boston in 1731, the *Sea Witch* having been built the following year. John looked out upon the water where the brig lay with her three masts, the foremost and mainmast being square rigged, the mizzenmast, fore and aft rigged. Her cabins were painted white, and all necessary rails along the sides were coated a dull black. On the highest mainmast the ensign of England flew in the salt sea air, which tanged in John's nose for the first time. The brig's sail bulged full of wind; and she strained hard at the anchor, as if in eagerness to flee out to sea.

Merry and John stepped into a small boat and they soon reached the brig.

"Heave a pawl, boys! Heave a pawl! shouted captain Merry to his jovial crew. Haul away! Joe! Away! Haul away!"

John felt the brig move slowly towards the bar.

The ship soon crossed the bar and moved at a rapid speed of several knots. John was not even affected with seasickness by the rolling of the ship; he took to the sea like an old sea dog. John's agility in climbing up and down the masts got for him the nickname 'Twinkle', as Ben Backstay, the nigger singer on board the *Sea Witch*, one day observing John move quickly to and fro said to Captain Merry Bartlett, "Jan sho' twinkle as

de stars ober head." 'Twinkle' found a friend in every man of the crew—even 'Soupy' Jones, the crank crook.

That day as the Sea Witch moved farther and farther into the deep her speed increased even beyond the maximum set by Merry. Intense excitement ran through the crew, as they realized that at fifty leagues from Liverpool, the Sea Witch had eclipsed the record of the extreme clipper *Flying Cloud* by nearly a day for that distance.

After the day's work was done the crew would gather on the forecastle or around the main hatch. The favorite instruments, a squeaky fiddle or an accordion, beloved of the sailors and hated, for some unknown reason, by every master mariner I ever knew, except Captain Merry Bartlett, were brought out. Ben Backstay's favorite song was a repertoire of his own, and 'Twinkle' Ballingvale never forgot it. This song always announced the beginning of the "dog watch" in the early evening after supper; and the tired sailors, gathered somewhere on deck when it was not inclement, would spin yarns.

The "dog watch" came to an end with Ben's song. 'Twinkle' usually accompanied Ben in the chorus which is the only part I remember. I have it!

"I can feel the clipper tremble as she lifts her feet,
An' her dainty bows are dancin' down the sea's wide street.
I hear Johnny Parrot singin'—singing' 'Roll an' go',
An' the sons of forty seaports roarin' 'Yo-heave-ho!'"

'Twinkle' arrived at Liverpool in a happy mood as Merry had promised to take him to London. The Sea Witch broke all records on her maiden trip by one day and eighteen hours—a remarkable feat. The next day the Sea Witch set sail for a port in the far West.

* * * * *

"Forty years later Captain 'Twinkle' Ballingvale and John Williams, shipmate, passed down Water street. The huge wooden glove over the store door was gone—in fact the whole street was deserted, as business had moved from the water front to a street which catered not to sailors but to land 'lubbers'. The store itself was in the last stage of decay, and a second-hand bookseller displayed his musty, smelling volumes where the gorgeous maritime merchandise had so fascinated the youthful John Ballingvale.

"I am getting old, John," murmured Twinkle.

"Yes, ye be, 'Twinkle', said John Williams: All the familiar faces you know here are gone."

"And familiar places, too John, answered Captain 'Twinkle' Ballingvale; I shall never return here again, unless I lose my good ship Sea Witch. Hollee! I hope to finish in a watery grave."

At 'Twinkle's' words hinting of a shipwreck, John laughed and broke the monotony by a pessimistic sea chanty:

"There's only one thing grieves me,
Oh, lower the boat down!
It's my poor wife and baby,
Oh, lower the boat down!"

The sight of the Sea Witch waiting at anchor for them stopped further conversation. 'Twinkle' and John were soon on board. Just as forty years before, the old Sea Witch plowed over the bar; but instead of Merry Bartlett as Captain; Twinkle Ballingvale, the former cabin boy, now had charge of the helm. Twinkle hummed to himself the old chanty Ben Backstay used to sing, and many familiar faces flashed into his mind—faces now dead for many years. His father's face appeared among these mental images. Twinkle heaved a heavy sigh as he thought of his boyhood. Thaddeus Dalton—where was he buried? What happened to him? Was the old homstead just the same as ever? His father dead? He did not know these things as the stay in the old home port was limited. Well it did not make any difference! He thought within himself that the less he knew about these things the better peace of mind he would have.

The Sea Witch stopped at Liverpool, and then started on her long voyage to Dakur, Africa. Crosby and Withington, London merchants, must have their cargo of ivory within two months. 'Twinkle' knew that those orders must be carried out, as London merchants do not listen to alibies of any kind. Hard terms to be sure, as he could not sojourn at any of the interesting ports along the way and fulfill these orders rightly. Yet business was business with Twinkle Ballingvale; he intended to keep sailing until his port was reached.

On the evening of April 25, 177-, Captain 'Twinkle' observed a sudden change of weather. Huge black clouds appeared two leagues off, and these were whirling along at a terrific speed, as if forced by a whirlwind.

"Looks like a good storm, John," said Twinkle looking at the darkening horizon.

"Hollée! Twinkle, we're right on the edge of it now, We——"

His words were swept away in the howling winds; and the Sea Witch rocked and twisted under the terrific strain so that every man retreated to Twinkle's cabin for fear of being blown away. The winds were blowing the Sea Witch in all directions, when another storm worse than the other carried her directly towards the African coast. Within three hours the Sea Witch crashed against the coast, 150 miles north of Dakar.

Captain Ballingvale and his crew made their way safely to shore, but the terrific wind forced them to journey inland that night. To prevent the loss of anyone, each joined hands, forming a human chain which swayed to and fro in the wind. For many hours they traveled this way; and when at last the storm ceased they all fell exhausted in the darkness. Where they were, they only knew somewhere in Africa.

When dawn came at last, their hope utterly vanished, as they found themselves surrounded on all sides by sand. Where in the world were they? 'Twinkle' Ballingvale knew that they were stranded in the cruel Sahara desert. Could he tell them? No, it would cause panic among the crew.

On the third day, little Jim, the cabin boy, died from thirst and exhaustion. They buried his frail little bark that had not known life's stormy seas very long in the burning sands.

In anguish every member of the crew kissed little Jim's dead face as he lay in the grave amid the sands of the cruel Sahara.

"Would to God I had left the little varmint in Boston where I found him!" sobbed 'Twinkle' Ballingvale.

At the end of a week death had taken ten members of 'Twinkle' Ballingvale's crew. Still the remaining thirty performed the last sad rites for the dead and journeyed onward. Their lips were cracked and bleeding and they continually moaned for water. But not a drop of water was to be found. Death stared every man in the face, but they were used to that and journeyed on.

Two weeks from the Shipwreck, Captain Ballingvale and John Williams were the sole survivors out of a crew of forty men.

'Twinkle' articulated through his cracked lips to John, "Onward, John, o-our New England grit will win. We are partners in life a-and in death."

Their New England grit—a grit that knows not that it is beaten but ever strides onward hopelessly against fate—might have won out in fair play; but sand, knolls of it, oceans of it, sand everywhere was not to be waged against by human brawn.

Williams suddenly became delirious from thirst, suddenly recovered his reason, and feebly gripping Twinkle's hand, smiled faintly through cracked and bleeding lips, murmuring, "God bless ye, bless—" and died.

Twinkle bowed his head and prayed to God for the soul of his old shipmate murmured, "M-may we be partners in death."

Twinkle gazed at the burning sands all around him. Yes, hope was lost. He would die near his old shipmate, John Williams. Twinkle pushed sand over the corpse and whispered. "Ye were a man."

Twinkle's brain burned fearfully, and his eyes were tortured by the shining sands. He suddenly became blind, siezing his hair he tore it feebly with his hands and shouted aloud, "Is there a God, a just God who made this cursed sand, sand, sand?" His strength was exhausted by this effort, and he fell face downward in the sands .

In Twinkle's delirium the cool springs that had refreshed his youth and which now unhappily mocked his crazed and dying brain in old age came to him in the vision of his boyhood haunts. He saw a tall pine shading a bubbling spring, a cool New England breeze fanned his brow and he stopped to drink of the refreshing waters. Twinkle's mouth guided by the vision of the spring opened spontaneously to receive the cool water. Twinkle plunged his face into the burning sands and crammed his mouth with sand, not water, as he thought.

Momentary reason returned to Twinkle; and he uttered a vow to God, if he should be saved, he would do as he vowed. What was that vow? It was one of the most blessed vows that man could utter!

Twinkle fell exhausted in the sands; and he knew nothing more, until he came to in an Arab's tent. Thank God he was saved! His recovery was very slow. Captain 'Twinkle' Ballingvale was blind for over a year, and unhappily never recovered from his terrible hardships in the desert."

"Did he keep his vow to God?" questioned one of the travelers.

"Yes, he did! God bless the sacred memory of Twinkle Ballingvale! he kept his vow and nobly, nobly, nobly kept it. Many a soul journeying along life's hard crag has blessed the soul of Captain Ballingvale for keep-

ing his vow. Twinkle has benefited mankind by that vow, has set an example for all to follow, and his story will be handed down for generations to come," fervently uttered Silvertone Halligon.

"What was this vow?" an impatient traveler inquired; "I suppose he established a home for destitute sailors or children."

No!" returned Silvertone, "I can show you his vow far more distinctly than I could tell you about it."

Silvertone Halligon arose and with his hickory cane pointed directly at the Captain's well.

"Twinkle Ballingvale vowed to God that if he were saved from death both of thirst and exhaustion he would place a well of water where every living creature could drink of its waters, so that no one would ever know the agony of thirst near his well. That well is the monument to a good man and his word—Captain John Ballingvale," said Silvertone; and he disappeared in the falling twilight.



THINGS WE LIKE

Young ladies; candy; ice cream cones;
And checks from home, and telephones;
Vacations; dances; breaking rules;
To beat the teams of other schools;
The faculty outside of class;
A three-base hit; a forward pass;
The track; the tennis courts; the gym;
A muddy Parker River swim;
To sleep; to bluff; to win a "D"
And wear it for the world to see;
To go away from school, and then
To grumble when we're back again . . .

THINGS WE DON'T LIKE

To learn our lessons; to recite;
To go to bed at ten each night;
The term exams; New England storms;
The bells that echo through the dorms;
Demerits; socks that have no mates;
The way a student waiter waits;
Alarm-clocks; church; the calomel
They give us when we are not well;
The E's and F's on our report;
To have to walk to Newb'ryport;
The marks we work off one by one;
The referee at Pinkerton . . .



ODE

M. A. Kilvert

(Tune—Fair Harvard)

Once more we unite in the shade of these trees,
 In this spot to our memory dear;
 While the voice of old comrades is borne on the breeze
 To us who are gathering here.
 O Dummer, fair Dummer, we come back to thee,
 As children returned from afar
 To the mother who cherished and taught them to be
 True men, whom no baseness should mar.
 It is long since we left thy safe sheltering arm,
 To battle for thee and for Right;
 But thy sons have preserved thy dear honor from harm,
 Though many have fallen in fight.
 O Mother, today as we stand at thy knee,
 Thy children again as of yore,
 We ask but a fresh inspiration from thee,
 To enoble our lives evermore.

ON THE FIELD

(Tune—The Caisson Song)

On the field, never yield,
 As we drive our victory home,
 For old Dummer goes striding ahead.
 Hear them roar, more and more,
 Plunge right through and make a score
 While old Dummer goes striding ahead.

Chorus

Then it's hi! hi! hi! hee! On the field for
 victory,
 Shout our your signals—shift and spread,
 Hit the line hard, be upon your guard,
 For old Dummer goes striding ahead.

YARD BY YARD

Yard by yard we'll fight our way,
 Thru Powder Point's line;
 Every man in every play
 Shining all the time;
 Cheer on cheer will rend the air,
 All behind our men;
 We'll fight for dear old Dummer,
 And win and win again.

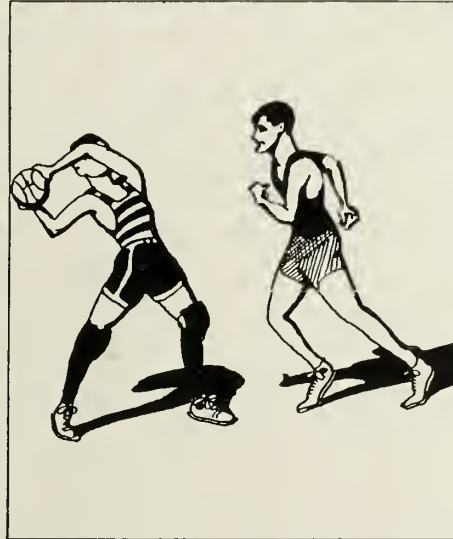
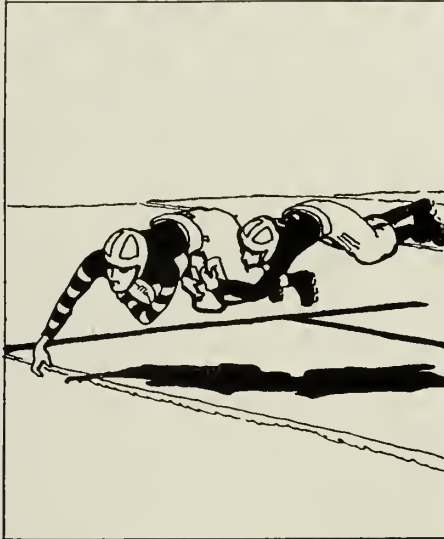
DUMMER CHEER

D-u-m-m-e-r, D-u-m-m-e-r,
 Dummer, Dummer, Rah! Rah! Rah!
 Team! Team! Team!



STAIRWAY IN MANSION HOUSE

SPORTS



WATSON

T H E M I L E S T O N E



FOOTBALL

Lawrence Sawyer.....Captain
 Mr. G. M. Smith.....Coach
 Ramon Martinez.....Manager

THE TEAM

Standing—Mr. Smith, W. Temple, Schultz, Hart, Lane, Webb, Fitzsimmons, Martinez.
 Seated—Calderwood, Griggs, Padula, Lovett, Sawyer, English, E. Temple, Woodward,
 Bottger.

FOOTBALL

DUE to the lack of competent backfield men the football got away to a slow start. Coach Smith also had to develop men for one or two weak holes in the center of the line. The team progressed slowly and it was not until the Milton game that the team showed what it was

T H E M I L T O N E

capable of under the burden of heavy odds. In this game the team, laboring under the handicap of the lack of three regulars—due to ineligibility rules—held the strong Milton Academy team, the private school champions scoreless in both the first and last periods but were scored on twice in the remaining two. One of the features of the game was Dummer's great stand within the five yard line for four downs. Milton advanced the ball to the one foot line in three line plunges and on their last chance failed to put it over.

In the following game the team still retained the fight and vigor that was so apparent in the Milton game and succeeded in defeating Lawrence Academy 7-0. The Sanborn game, the objective of the season, was the most evenly matched contest of the year, and it was not until the final period that the red and white, with a sustained aerial attack, scored the winning points.

Although the scores do not indicate the fact, by defeating Lawrence, Dummer also redeemed herself for previous defeats at the hands of both DeWitt and Browne and Nichols, since Lawrence had beaten both these teams in earlier games.

The playing of certain individuals was exceptionally good, as was the combined efforts of the whole team. "Bill" Hart and "Wally" Temple performed brilliantly in the backfield all season. Hart used fine judgment in critical moments and his long punts took the red and white out of many tight places. "Wally" consistently sneaked around the ends for long gains. The Hart-Temple forward pass was one of Dummer's greatest threats. Sawyer played a good steady game and developed into a fine defensive player. Captain-elect Bottger held down his end in a very praiseworthy fashion and seldom did a play gain ground through his position.

With ten men returning, Coach Smith will have an excellent nucleus upon which to build a strong team, and with such men as Page and Poor coming up from the second's, Dummer will support a team next season that will bear watching by all her opponents. We wish Mr. Smith and his men a very successful season and a record that they may be proud of.

The scores:

Oct. 2	Dummer Academy	0	DeWitt Clinton	14
Oct. 8	Dummer Academy	0	Browne & Nichols	12
Oct. 16	Dummer Academy	0	Amesbury High	13
Oct. 30	Dummer Academy	0	Milton Academy	27
Nov. 6	Dummer Academy	7	Lawrence Academy	0
Nov. 17	Dummer Academy	19	Sanborn Seminary	14

T H E M I L E S T O N E



BASKETBALL

Bourne Pillsbury.....	Captain
Mr. F. J. Reagan.....	Coach
Richard Moulton.....	Manager

THE TEAM

Standing—Fuller, Bottger, Woodward, Wilson, Bell, Moulton.
Seated—Padula, Hart, Pillsbury, Fitzsimmons, E. Temple.

BASKETBALL

FIVE letter men reported to Coach Reagan at the opening of the season ; and with the wealth of material at hand prospects for the year seemed unusually bright. Although the men were light, these prospects were soon realized ; and Mr. Reagan put a team on the floor that has not been equalled in Dummer for many years.

T H E M I L E S T O N E

We won our opening game and our first objective with Sanborn. However, two bad defeats followed at the hands of St. George's and Milton Academy. The Milton game was a success in that it showed the capabilities of our team even though they were hopelessly outclassed. We beat Practical Arts and won a return game with Newburyport, but not before we were beaten by Sanborn and Newburyport. After the second Newburyport game, Huntington took us into camp in a game played in the middle of the midseason slump, unfortunate at that time.

Then with a brilliancy of skill and teamwork, backed by experience, the team went on the warpath. Two games with Manchester and one with Lawrence went to our hoopsters easily, and then as a climax to a highly successful season we trimmed Middlesex Pre-Medical School, a team of nearly college caliber.

Captain Pillsbury, at both guard and forward, will long be remembered for his fine captainship. His floorwork and ability to break up plays and stick with the ball all the time was a feature of the season.

Fitzsimmons and Wilson, the forwards, were a fine team; and their scoring and passing was felt by opposing teams when these two waltzed up the floor for more than one tally.

Hart, at center, was the individual high scorer, with his spectacular long shots and neat baskets from scrimmage.

There will be at least five letter men back next year and prospects are again bright. A great deal of credit is due Mr. Reagan for his success in turning out such a fine team, and we wish him all kinds of success for next year.

N. W. P. '27

The scores:

Dummer	20	Immanuel A. A.	15
Dummer	16	Sanborn	10
Dummer	9	St. Georges	22
Dummer	16	Milton	25
Dummer	24	Practical Arts	18
Dummer	8	Sanborn	23
Dummer	23	Manchester	21
Dummer	22	Newburyport	30
Dummer	18	Newburyport	13
Dummer	31	Lawrence	21
Dummer	13	Huntington	18
Dummer	14	Manchester	13
Dummer	14	Middlesex	10



HOCKEY

Richard Griggs.....	Captain
Mr. W. J. Farrell.....	Coach
Pablo Ortega.....	Manager

THE TEAM

Standing—Mr. Farrell, Lovett, Cate, Brown, Fearnside, L. Palmer, Ortega.
Seated—Hill, English, Page, Griggs, Poor, Hyams, Sawyer.

HOCKEY

THE hockey team has had an exceptionally fortunate year. The six games played total more than the team has been able to play in recent years and the six goals total far more than any team has scored here in several generations. Lack of practice and poor condition of

T H E M I L E S T O N E

the ice greatly handicapped the team which, however, emerged from a hard campaign with one victory perched on their banner. The achievement, taken at the expense of Amesbury High, was the highlight of the season and indicated what the team was capable of under favorable conditions.

The boys played good hockey in all the games, but the hoodoo that has been camping on their trail for so long could not be shaken off and more victories failed to materialize. Just when Dummer had apparently worn out the opposing sextet, some unaccountable mishap would occur and a goal would be scored that decided the issue. It was discouraging, but no matter how hard they played the elusive puck failed to obey their wishes. Nevertheless, the season may be considered a successful one since the games were clean, hard fought, and all very close. The fact that they won only one game is incidental.

Hyams was the outstanding star of the team and scored the majority of the goals. His follow through shots and dexterity in eluding the defense men were his most powerful assets. Griggs, at center ice, performed brilliantly with the stick and did excellent work in advancing the puck into enemy territory. The poke checking and body checking of "Johnnie" English was excellent and he did very fine work in bolstering up the defense. Joe Poor, a new man on the team, showed up well and improved steadily throughout the year. Considerable credit is due Coach Farrell for the showing of the team and for the fight and cleanness of their play at all times.

It must be borne in mind when reading the scores, that the sextet that represented the school this year played some of the best teams in greater Boston and against heavier and more experienced men played a game that they could well be proud of. A successful team should not be judged by relative scores, but rather by the way in which they play and their conduct on the ice. On that basis Dummer may justly be proud of her team since they bore themselves at all times, under the most trying circumstances, in a praiseworthy, sportsmanlike manner.

N. W. P. '27

The scores:

Dummer	0	Manning	2
Dummer	2	Manning	4
Dummer	1	Amesbury	0
Dummer	0	Rivers	2
Dummer	0	DeWitt Clinton	1
Dummer	3	Stone	4
Dummer	0	Danvers	1

T H E M I L E S T O N E



BASEBALL

John D. Calderwood.....Captain
 Mr. Francis J. Reagan.....Coach
 Roy Lovett.....Manager

THE TEAM

Standing—Mr. Reagan, Page, Pillsbury, Bottger, Wilson, W. Temple, E. Temple, Lovett.
 Seated—Fuller, Fitzsimmons, Hart, Calderwood, Hyams, Webb.

BASEBALL

AT the call for baseball candidates, a squad of only sixteen men appeared. With this small number of fellows, Mr. Reagan had the job of modelling a team. Captain Calderwood and six letter men formed the nucleus of the team. However, the team gradually shaped out

T H E M I L E S T O N E

and the outcome of the first game was a decisive victory for the Red and White. The team continued and as this book goes to press it has received only one set-back in six games.

The class of nineteen twenty six prided itself on its ball team but this year's team is as good, if not better, than any that has been seen at Dummer for many years.

Fitzsimmons and Wilson do the hurling for the team, while Bottger receives. Captain Calderwood at the initial sack, "Wally" Temple at the keystone, "Dave" Hyams at the other corner, and "Bill" Hart at shortstop form a very shapely infield. There are many gardeners and all can field like the "Babe" himself—Webb, Page, E. Temple and Sleeper filling in these berths.

The team is gradually shaping up to be a clean fielding and hard hitting aggregation. Webb, Calderwood, and Wilson are the mainstays at bat and can usually be relied upon to get the necessary hit when needed, while Hart, around whom the infield revolves, is doing a stellar job of fielding.

There is still room for improvement, but we feel that whomever the team meets, it will show plenty of fight and we expect it to win all of the remaining games.

Any coach who can turn out a winning team from sixteen candidates is certainly deserving of the highest praise and we extend to Coach Reagan our heartiest congratulations.

J. D. C. '27

THE SCHEDULE

April 20—Dummer	10	Manchester	4
April 23—Dummer	2	Thayer	4
April 27—Dummer	6	Lawrence	5
April 29—Dummer	10	Manning High	1
May 4—Dummer	14	DeWitt Clinton	1
May 7—Dummer	25	Belmont Hill	8
May 10—Country Day,		West Newton	
May 14—Manchester High,		South Byfield	
May 18—Sanborn Seminary,		Kingston, N. H.	
May 21—Browne & Nichols,		South Byfield	
May 28—Tabor Academy,		Marion	
June 1—Belmont Hill,		Belmont	
June 8—Manning High,		South Byfield	
June 11—Sanborn Seminary,		South Byfield	

MINOR SPORTS

GOLF PROSPECTS

COACH P. B. Skerrye has had the usual good sized squad out for golf this year, and there is a promising outlook for a well rounded team.

Captain English is showing his accustomed good form, and he will undoubtedly fill his position as first man competently. Fearnside as number two man is another one whom we can rely to do all in his power to win the matches for us. Griggs and Wilson are two more dependables who have had a year's experience as have the two former. However Wilson is frequently kept from playing by baseball, and Griggs occasionally by tennis. In this case there are always Poor, Best, and Lawson on whom Mr. Skerrye can depend to play fifth or even fourth man. Mr. Farrell has arranged several matches for this season, and the team will probably find that it has a well-filled season. The matches are:

April 27—Dummer	0	Manchester	4
May 2—Dummer	5	St. John's	2
May 9—Dummer		Newton High	
May 14—Dummer		Exeter	
May 20—Dummer		Manchester	
May 24—Dummer		Beverly	
May 27—Dummer		Thayer	
June 14—Dummer		Beverly	L. S. L. '27

TENNIS PROSPECTS

THE prospects for a good tennis team seem exceptionally good this year. There is good veteran material and plenty of new material of the first grade. Sawyer, Gove, and Captain Griggs have returned from last year's team; and Larry Palmer seems capable of filling first or second place. Hosmer though small, has great possibilities and with a little practice will develop into very promising material. Dummer won four out of her six matches last year, and although this year's schedule looks harder the team seems qualified to take the majority of the matches.

The great trouble is that the team is so evenly matched. Palmer is giving Griggs a close match and Sawyer is only a little behind Palmer, with Gove close to him because of his lack of accuracy. Mr. Webber is coaching the team very competently and much credit is due to him for the fitness of the team.

L. S. L. '27

THE SCHEDULE

May 4—Exeter	6	Dummer	0
May 10—Malden High,	South Byfield		
May 16—Practical Arts,	South Byfield		
May 20—Salem High,	Salem		
May 26—Salem High,	South Byfield		

TRACK

OWING to the lack of suitable material and the inability to put the track in shape for the meets, the track team was forced to suspend operations for the season. With only Captain-elect McKinney and one other letter-man in school, Coach Jarivs deemed it advisable to permit the squad to withdraw from training and to confine their activities to basketball and hockey.

It is too bad that this step should be necessitated since Dummer has had in the past teams of first class caliber in this branch of sport. But rather than have a losing team the schedule was cancelled. It is sincerely hoped that another year will find the red and white once more in active competition on the board.

N. W. P. '27





JUNIOR FOOTBALL

Arthur Emery.....Captain
Norton Pickering.....Coach
William Davis.....Manager

THE TEAM

Back Row—Whitehead, Hosmer, Robinson, Pickering, Morrill, Tate, Davis.
Middle Row—McKenzie, D. Craig, Rogers, M. Walker, Emery, R. Craig, Hale, Haag, Capron.
Front Row—Cutler, C. Chase, Chandler, Learned, Gil Spear, Ray.

JUNIOR FOOTBALL

FIVE letter men reported at the first practice of the Junior team, and it was upon these few that Norton Pickering, the student coach, had the job of building up a team. It is something new to have a student of the Academy coach a team, but Pickering, who was forced out of Varsity football due to an injury, turned out the most favorable results.

T H E M I L E S T O N E

The Junior team received only one setback, and that was by the Jackman School. However, Emery, the star of the Red and White, was out of the game. This accounted for the 7-6 score against us.

The DeWitt Clinton game was the high mark game of the season. In this game, Dummer was outweighed fifteen pounds to the man, but played clean hard football, and managed to get in position for a dropkick just before the half ended. Emery, standing on the thirty-yard line, put over a drop in the face of a strong wind.

The Juniors had one of the best teams in years. They had a fine set of plays of all varieties, played hard and well, and had the general polish that marks a good set of players under an able coach.

Emery, the captain, was the most consistent back that the Red and White had, and there were very few plays that broke through the line that either he or Robinson did not get. Robinson was Emery's interference and he did his work very well.

Much credit is due to Hosmer, the quarterback, who ran the team as it should be run. He knew his plays and when to use them.

The linemen, although rather small, opened up holes wherever they were needed in the opposing team; and they held almost any driven at them. Morrill and D. Craig were the mainstays of the line.

The team was probably one of the best Junior teams in the state, and from it Dummer will be able to draw many valuable players for its Varsity in future years. Much credit is due to its coach, and all we can say is, "Good work, Nort."

J. D. C. '27

THE SCORES

Dummer	53	Rowley Boy Scouts	0
Dummer	20	Kelley School	0
Dummer	3	De Witt Clinton Juniors	0
Dummer	18	Parochial School	0
Dummer	6	Jackman School	7
Dummer	57	North Shore Country Day	6

CAPTAINS



Richard C. Griggs
HOCKEY
TENNIS



H. Bourne Pillsbury
BASKET BALL



Lawrence Sawyer
FOOT BALL



John D. Calderwood
BASE BALL



John P. English
GOLF

OUR LETTER MEN

Bottger	3	Webb	2
Fitzsimmons	3	Wilson	2
Hart	3	Woodward	2
Calderwood	2	M. Brown	1
English	2	Fearnside	1
Griggs	2	Fuller	1
Hyams	2	Hill	1
Lovett	2	Lane	1
Padula	2	Martinez	1
Page	2	Moulton	1
Pillsbury	2	Ortega	1
Sawyer	2	Palmer	1
E. Temple	2	Poor	1
W. Temple	2	Schultz	1

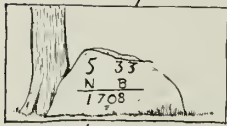




LANG GYMNASIUM—INTERIOR

THE CAMPUS

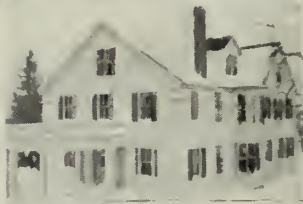




CAMPUS VIEWS



CAMPUS VIEWS



WINTER



PIERCE HALL

MANSION HOUSE

LANG GYMNASIUM



Budge



Spenoza and Mac



Len



Eddie and Nort



Soot



Tam



Jack



Pete



Warren



Phil



Ham

THE CLASS



HITHER AND YON



GOLF TEAM — FAMILIAR VIEWS — TENNIS TEAM

ORGANIZATIONS



1/20/1924

T H E M I L E S T O N E



THE MILESTONE BOARD

Standing: Calderwood, Lawson, Lane.
Seated: Hamilton, Pickering, McKinney.



JUNIOR PROM COMMITTEE
Standing: Griggs, Hyams, Hart.
Seated: Gove, Poor.

T H E M I L E S T O N E



THE STUDENT COUNCIL

Standing: Best, Lovett, Bottger, Hyams, Smith, Whitehead.
Seated: Lane, Woodward, McKinney, E. Temple, Morrill.

THE STUDENT COUNCIL

THE Student Council is the student-governing body of the school. Its members are elected three times during the school year. Two are elected from the upper classes, one from each of the lower classes and one from the lower school. The council has a chairman who presides over the meetings and who is in direct touch with the faculty concerning all questions of a serious nature. The powers of the council extend from ordinary discipline to actual suspension. It is forced but rarely to use its suspension powers; but occasionally questions come up that warrant this step and they are always dealt with in a satisfactory manner.

The council this year has been rather inactive, but it was mainly due to the fact they had little support from the student body and too little contact with the Faculty. It is hoped that another year will find the student body firmly entrenched behind their council.

N. W. P. '27

The Student Council:

First Term

Frank L. McKinney, *Chairman*
 Edmund F. Woodward, *Secretary*
 Warren S. Lane
 William C. Bottger
 David N. C. Hyams
 George E. Best
 Frank F. Morrill
 Walter Whitehead, Jr.

Second Term

Frank L. McKinney, *Chairman*
 Edmund F. Woodward, *Secretary*
 William C. Bottger
 Edgar A. Temple
 Roy W. Lovett
 Frank F. Morrill
 Talbot Smith

Third Term

Frank L. McKinney, *Chairman*
 Edgar A. Temple, *Secretary*
 John D. Calderwood
 Roy W. Lovett
 George E. Best
 Frank F. Morrill
 Talbot Smith

T H E M I L E S T O N E



THE ARCHON BOARD

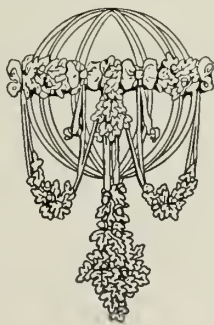
Standing: Griggs, Hyams, Mr. Farrell, Hart.
Seated: Hamilton, English, McKinney.

THE ARCHON

ALL schools have their campus newspapers, and in the Archon Dunmer has a paper of which its student body may well be proud. The Archon was started as a news sheet by Mr. Farrell five years ago, and has been published regularly twelve times a year since then. It contains a full account of all varsity team games at home and away, and all the things of interest that happen around the campus. The Archon has been of especial value to the widespread alumni of the school in that it not only acquaints them with the events of the school year, but it brings them into closer contact with the school itself. The thanks and plentiful commendation of the student body and the alumni are due to the members of the Archon Board who have so successfully carried on the paper during the past year. The members of the Board extend their thanks to Mr. Farrell for his indispensable assistance.

Editor-in-Chief.....John P. English, '28
Associate Editors.....Russel D. Hamilton, '27, Richard C. Griggs, '28
Circulation and Exchange.....Edward G. Hart, '28
Business Manager.....Frank L. McKinney, '27
Assistant Manager.....David N. Hyams, '28
Faculty Adviser.....Mr. Walter J. Farrell

L. S. L. '27



T H E M I L E S T O N E



THE DRAMATIC CLUB

Standing: English, Lawson, Budgell, Pickering, Pillsbury, Lane.
Seated: Hamilton, Mr. Lehmann, Griggs.

DRAMATICS

THE Dummer Dramatic Club has now been in existence for two years. It was founded in 1925 by Mr. Paul Lehmann who threw himself into the task of keeping the interest of those in the school in starting a permanent organization. His success in directing and staging the first plays was so pronounced that a second set followed soon after; and now, with a good number of performances to look back on with pride, there is no reason why the club should not take its place as one of the most important branches of school activities.

It has been the intention of keeping the club a self-supporting organization, and the first two years have been successful in seeing a clean slate for the club in the financial line. As a surplus, there are several excellent sets of scenery, ably painted by Mr. Jarvis, a good curtain, and other sundry theatrical accessories that will be useful in ensuing years.

Six plays were given this year, and several of the student body took part. All the boys that took part were ably directed by Mr. Lehmann, and their characterizations were exceptionally well done. The plays selected covered the field of Drama very completely with the possible exception of violent love dramas. "J. Caesar" was the extreme comedy; and the other extreme was represented by "Four Who Were Blind," a symbolical drama of the World War. Several good performances were given by the individual actors, especially the acting of Owen Grant as the Girl in "Manikin and Minikin."

The plays staged were: "J. Caesar", "The Beggar and the King", "The Flash", "Manikin and Minikin", "Outclassed", and "Four Who Were Blind". The casts consisted of Richard Griggs, Bourne Pillsbury, Norton Pickering, Warren Lane, Leonard Lawson, Peter Albiani, Alfred Padula, James Budgell, Russel Hamilton, Edgar Temple, John Calderwood, David Hyams, Edward Hart, Mann Cox, Owen Grant, Stuart McKenzie, Lawrence Steinharter, John Chandler, Carlos Fernandez, and Roy Lovett.

All praise is due Mr. Lehmann for his fine work in directing and promoting the organization throughout its existence. When he leaves the school, let us hope that the club will pass into as able and interested hands as his.

Keys are awarded at Commencement to any Senior or Junior who has participated in two or more plays during the year. However, once obtained, the key man is not eligible for a second key. This prevented several from getting keys this year as the picture is entirely of key men. Pillsbury is the man who gets his key this June.

R. D. H. '27

T H E M I L E S T O N E



THE ORCHESTRA

Standing: Hamilton, W. Temple, Moulton.
Seated: E. Temple, Calderwood, Mr. Porell, Lane.

THE ORCHESTRA

THE Dummer Academy Orchestra, under the guiding hand of Mr. Porell, has probably had the most successful year of its career. This club was formed some years ago among the students, but this is the first year that it has participated in events off the campus.

Its initial appearance this year was at the first performance of the Dramatic Club on December eleventh. The selections rendered before and after the performance were greatly appreciated, and the foundation of a successful team of musicians was assured. Two rehearsals a week has rounded the orchestra into fine shape, and it is playing all types of music from concert numbers to Irving Berlin's classics.

The outstanding ability was soon appreciated and recognized by the people in the neighboring districts, and the orchestra was soon called upon to appear at various places. Besides numerous concerts at Rowley, Merri-mac, and Byfield, the orchestra played at the Haverhill Kiwanis Club dinner at which Governor Fuller was an invited guest.

The orchestra closed a very successful season at the Commencement exercises on June eleventh, at which it played an excellent selection of concert numbers. Much credit is due to Mr. Porell for his patience and painstaking efforts in his direction throughout this year. To him we give our sincere thanks.

J. D. C. '27



T H E M I L E S T O N E



THE SMOKING CLUB

SOCIETY



WILLIAM

ANNUAL FOOTBALL DANCE

ON the evening of November 20, the annual football dance was held in the Lang Gymnasium. Nearly the entire school turned out to enjoy the excellent music furnished by the Tech Tunesters. The gym was attractively decorated with banners, pennants, and flags of the different prominent colleges and schools. There were very few outside couples present which made the dance practically a family affair. Ice cream and cake was served during the intermission. The patronesses were; Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Farrell, Miss Brown, Miss Lord and Mrs. Kimball. Jack Calderwood and Bill Hart were the committee in charge.

N. W. P. '27

ANNUAL FOOTBALL BANQUET AT DUMMER

THE annual football banquet was held on December 18 in the dining hall of Commons. After a very pleasant meal, Dr. Ingham, acting as toastmaster, rose and opened the evening's programme. He began by extending a hearty welcome to the former captains and continued his remarks by introducing Mr. Reagan who read a few Telegrams of regret from friends who found it impossible to be present. These drew some very hearty laughs and started the evening's entertainment with a rush. Dr. Ingham next introduced Norton Pickering '27. Pickering who tore the ligaments in his knee while on the Varsity, took up the task of coaching the Juniors. After an introductory speech in which he reviewed the season's record, he presented the coveted "JDR's" to: Captain Emery, Hosmer, Robinson, Hale, Whitehead, McKenzie, D. Craig, M. Walker, Rogers, Wagner, Tate, Morrill, Capron, Cutler, R. Craig, Ray, Haag, and Davis, manager. The little team came through in fine shape winning six out of seven games; and the one they lost was by the narrow margin of one point. Captain Emery in a short speech thanked Pickering for his coaching and the rest of the squad for their cooperation and for the spirit they showed throughout the season. In closing he presented Coach Pickering with a handsome combination belt buckle and watch chain. After a short speech of thanks by Pickering, Mr. Reagan awarded the second team letters.

Mr. Smith, coach of the varsity, then delivered his talk preparatory to giving out the first team letters. He declared that a team should be

judged on the spirit of the men and kind of game they played. Scores are incidental provided the team plays a hard clean game at all times while on the field. He stated that the team was light and rather inexperienced and was at a disadvantage in nearly all the games on this account. He then awarded varsity letters to: Captain Sawyer, Woodward, Lovett, English, Griggs, Calderwood, Hart, E. Temple, W. Temple, Pickering, Fitzsimmons, Schultz, Lane, Captain-elect Bottger, Padula, and Martinez. Captain Sawyer made a short speech of thanks to those who had assisted him during the season and he wished Captain Bottger the best of luck for next season. The affair broke up after Pickering showed a few moving pictures of the Sanborn game.

A few outside guests were present among those were; Mr. and Mrs. Bottger, Mr. Pickering, Mr. Temple, Fosberg, ex '26, and Kenney, '26.

N. W. P. '27

THE MID-YEAR PROM

THE first dance of the winter term was held in the Lang gymnasium on the evening of February 30. The interior of the gym was decorated in a new and original manner, which added greatly to the general effect. Red and blue lights, interwoven with balsam boughs adorned the walls, giving off a soft, mellow glow that made a pleasing contrast to the old, bright lights of previous dances. Multi-colored banners were plentifully in evidence along the walls and the presence of a first class orchestra insured the success of the dance. The Blue Moon Serenaders were featured, and they lived up to their reputation of being able to chase away the blues in short order. Lonny Whalen, an old Dummer boy, was at the piano and he fairly made it talk. The presence of outside guests helped greatly in making the dance the success that it was. During the short intermission refreshments were served by the local caterer.

The affair was completely in the hands of Elvin Cox and Frank McKinney, to whom a vote of thanks is due for the way in which the whole dance was handled. The patronesses were: Mrs. Walter J. Farrell, Mrs. Alfred Kimball, Miss Marie Lord, and Miss Maude Brown.

N. W. P. '27

THE JUNIOR PROM

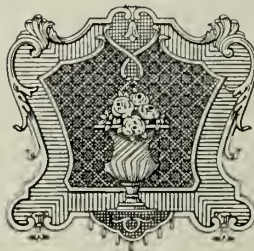
THE annual Junior Promenade this year took place on the evening of May 14 in the Lang Gymnasium. The class of 1928, with its dance committee in charge of the entertainment, did an exceptionally good job in staging an excellent Prom. The gym was tastefully decorated with a blue and yellow streamer effect that hearkened back somewhat to the Sophomore Prom of 1925. A pretty lighting effect was obtained by mounting a row of red and white electric light bulbs along the walls. The orchestra occupied the stage set next to the gallery midway between the entrances.

The orchestra itself was one of the features of the evening. It was called the Kahn Klub Orchestra. This combination of jazzists proved to be among the finest of their trade. The refreshments at intermission were supplied by Austin's of Newburyport.

There were about sixty couples attending. All the girls received favors in the form of attractive lockets. The dance was a reunion of some alumni, notably John Hinds, '26; Travis Ingham, '24; James Gardner, '23; and Philips Terhune, ex. '27.. The patronnnesses were Mrs. Ingham, Mrs. Farrell, Mrs. Bottger, Mrs. Gove, Mrs. Hyams, Mrs. McKinney, Mrs. Craig, and Miss Cox.

The dance committee was made up of Richard Griggs, Karl Gove, David Hyams, Edward Hart, and Joseph Poor. Their skill and ability in handling the affair successfully deserves great commendation.

R. D. H. '27



T H E M I L E S T O N E



HISTORICAL PAGEANT — SEPTEMBER 25, 1926

FACULTY ELECTIONS

Handsomest Master.....	Mr. Smith
Most Useful Master.....	Mr. Gleason
Best Teacher.....	Mr. Skerrye

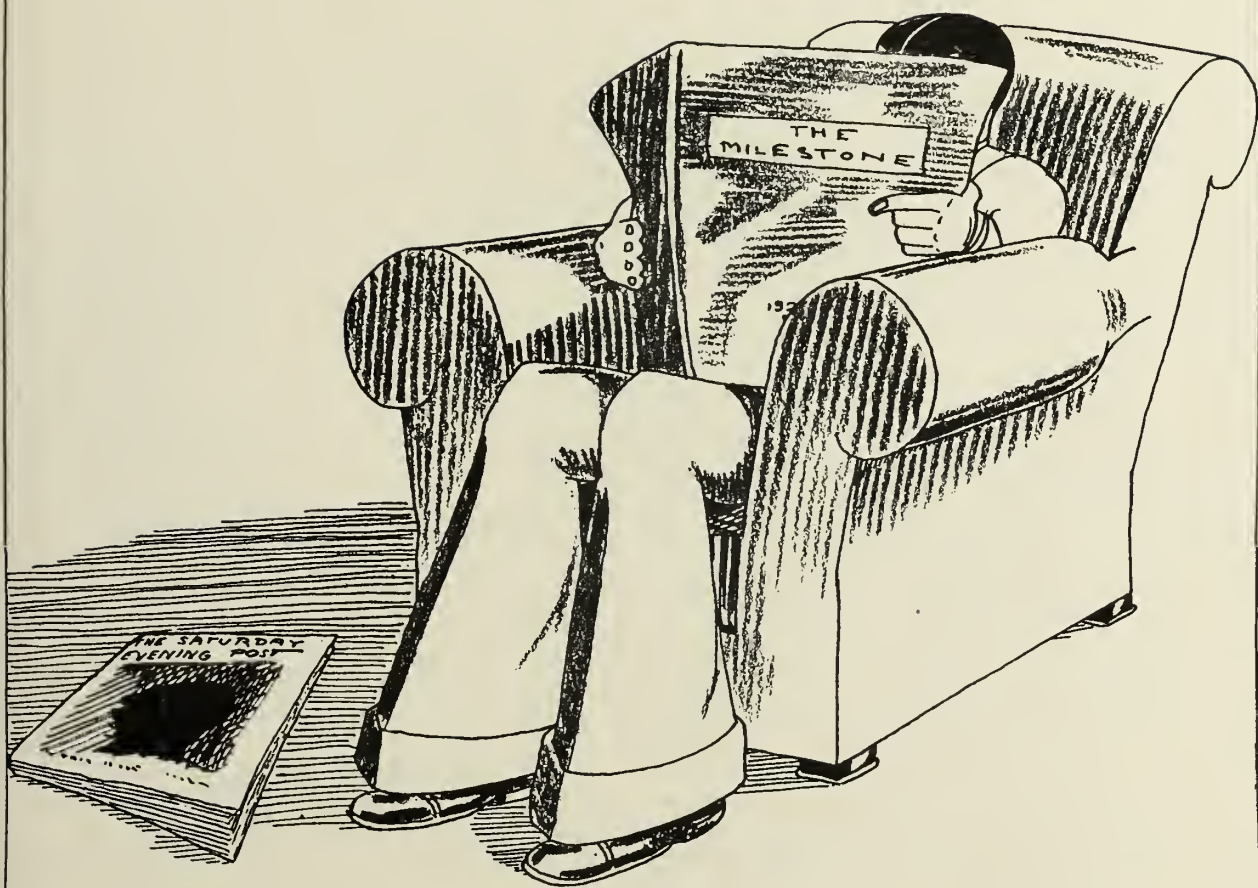
SCHOOL ELECTIONS

Most Popular Boy.....	Bottger
Handsomest Boy.....	Woodward
Best Dressed Boy.....	English
Best Athlete.....	Hart
Done Most for Dummer.....	McKinney
Most Likely to Succeed.....	Hamilton
Most Admired by the Ladies.....	Calderwood
Most Admired by Himself.....	Pickering
Wittiest Boy.....	McKinney

CLASS ELECTIONS

Pessimist	Fearnside
Optimist	Hamilton
Most Rotund Boy	Padula
Best Mechanic	McKinney
Best Dancer	Pillsbury
Grind	Padula
Noisiest	Lane
Sportiest	Hamilton
Smoothest	Woodward
Chef	Pickering
Dumbest	(We all happen to be exceptionally intelligent)
Correspondent	Calderwood
Dreamer	Sawyer
Woman-hater	Fearnside
Most Attractive	Budgell
The one who has "IT".....	Lawson

ADS



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